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## REVIEWS AND NOTICES OF BOOKS.

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KÖNIGLICHE MUSEEN ZU BERLIN. DIE GIPSABGÜSSE ANTIKER BILDWERKE in historischer Folge erklärt. BAUSTEINE zur Geschichte der griechisch-römischen Plastik von CARL FRIEDERICH. Neu bearbeitet von PAUL WOLTERS. 8vo, pp. 850 : Berlin, 1885, Speemann.

The Journal of Archæology offers no apology for reviewing at length such books as are peculiarly adapted to the use of beginners in the study of ancient art. It is one of the cherished aims of the Journal to help increase the sum of accurate knowledge and sound judgment of such matters among those persons who are unable to devote their lives to the study. A great deal of pleasure of a noble kind is to be had from the study of great art, even by those to whom such study can be only an avocation : but for this it is necessary that what they know shall be sound and complete as far as it goes ; and that, in the chaos of diverse opinions and clashing criticisms, they have help to choose the sounder opinions—to follow the more judicious leaders.

Now it is to be observed that this book is adapted for the very *vade mecum* and indispensable companion of those who prefer to approach the study of Greek and Greco-Roman sculpture by the way of the surviving monuments. To those who prefer the *Schriftquellen*, or who seem, with Overbeck, to prefer them, other works may be better suited. But it must be pointed out, here in the outset of our inquiry, what defects there are inseparable from this study of the ancient authorities, and that particularly for beginners. Let it be observed, by anyone who has read books and remembered what he has read, how rare it is that a writer on literature, a literary critic, an essayist, a traveller, an observer of men and things, has any sense of the veritable nature of fine-art. Recall the sayings of your favorite poet or social philosopher : turn to the pages where he has brought in some mention of fine-art, or of one of the fine-arts, or of any single work of fine-art to illustrate his meaning, and see if he has not utterly mistaken the significance of the instance he has cited. It is not necessary to give names and offend either the owners or the worshippers thereof ; every reader of this who has at all the esoteric sense in matters of fine-art will have observed how rare is any appearance of such an intimate acquaintance with

it in the works of the great literary masters. The fact is that a strong feeling for art, an intimate knowledge of it, and a warm and somewhat exclusive and partisan love of it are, all and several, the possession of a certain body of men who are not much heard from publicly, except in their works of art, and who have rarely any power of verbal expression. The scholar, the poet, the historian, the literary critic and annalist, the traveller observant of men and manners and national characteristics are, by their very nature and by the nature of their pursuits, debarred from an intimate sense of the true value of fine-art, as it is felt by those who live for it. The student of mental phenomena must needs include the art-sense in his analysis, but its true nature evades him. The traveller in cities which are rich in old art must needs pass upon the canvasses and the half-ruined walls he has heard of as precious, and he misses all that is most important in them and dwells upon accidents: the poet fills out his verse with the names of Rafael and Titian, and lugs in his raptures over an antique statue restored out of all recognition, or a seventeenth century painting of the well-established *decadenza*, all "to point a moral or adorn a tale:" but his words show plainly how far he has been from a real feeling of such pleasure as can be got from fine-art when looked at with eyes which have the art-sense behind them. Philosophical thinkers mistake the habit of analyzing and describing that art-sense for the possession of it, and the *Wissenschaft des Schönen*, or Science of the Beautiful, for the knowledge of beauty. But neither poet nor philosopher knows anything of the delight that a great work of art can give. That is given only to the humble and patient student of art, single and alone. There are exceptions? Yes! So rare that one keeps a little list of them! There are books of travel and there are histories in which it is seen that the writer felt something in works of art, and enjoyed them for what they have that is best: there are even essays (though here the pen stops and hesitates to write it: but—yes, there *are* essays) upon literary and social and intellectual topics in which there is combined with a sense of literary value a partly corresponding sense of what is true and permanent in works of art.

Such exceptions there may have been among the ancients: but what evidence is there that it is their writings which have come down to us? Is it Pliny in his Natural History? Pliny the busy inquirer indeed and indefatigable, but assuredly not a critical spirit. Is it Pausanias? But, if there is anything that is vexatious, it is Pausanias' way of leaving important things half-described, of telling us what gods were on the Olympian base "in gold-work," but in such vague terms that no two modern writers can agree as to the elementary facts of the case. Well, perhaps there is one thing more vexatious still, it is his way of leaving important things not described at all and even unmentioned; as when he tells us of the Parthenon and does

not even allude to the frieze of the Cella. Is it Quintilian?—but indeed it is useless to pursue the inquiry name by name. Nothing is clearer than that those Greek and Roman writers in whose works we find mention of the fine-arts of their own or of previous epochs were themselves as far from being especially interested in fine-art, and as far from being conversant with fine-art in any peculiar and intimate way, as our moderns. In fact, they were in so far worse off that there is no evidence of any archæological or technical curiosity behind them to induce them to accuracy. Nowadays a writer is surrounded by books of reference out of which a certain outside, chapter-and-verse knowledge is to be gotten, and he must write in fear of blundering in the presence of those who are well-informed and watchful. We have no reason to suppose that any such *milieu*, as Mr. Taine has it, existed either in the first or the second century of our era, when lived and wrote the only ancient authors whose works afford us any sustained account of ancient art. It is quite certain that in the days when the greatest works of art were produced, in pre-Roman Greece, no such conditions could have prevailed. Nothing is plainer than that the noble contempt for the pursuit of fine-art as of a rather degrading mechanical employment which was common enough in Clive Newcome's time and (*teste* Mr. Hamerton) is vigorous still, was the normal state of things under the Julian and under the Flavian emperors. The ardent inquiry into the history and nature of the fine-arts, which is so marked a feature of our own time, is of very recent origin. It is not probable that any one suggested to Pausanias that he ought to be closer in his descriptions. Probably all we have lost of the writings of antiquity upon the fine-arts, is a certain number of technical treatises written by practitioners for practitioners, and giving maxims and rules for effective ways of work and safe vehicles and labor-saving processes.

The works of ancient writers, therefore, can be of but little use to beginners in the study of ancient art. No opinion is expressed here as to the use made of those ancient writers by the modern professed investigators: we are concerned only with the best way for those who are not as yet familiar with classical sculpture and its correlated arts to undertake their study. And yet not the mere beginners only; our assertion here goes so far as this: that, until one sets himself seriously to put into shape a continued and connected history of the development of ancient art, he need not question the ancient writers at all,—except now and then as a fancied association strikes him, or when he is curious to know whether this or that piece found at Olympia be actually what Pausanias mentions as being there in his time.

The business of an inquirer into Greek and Greco-Roman art is to see all the specimens of it he can, in their original state; to see all the repro-

ductions he can of all those which are out of his reach, and also the reproductions of the originals he has seen (good reasons for which, anon); to read what is said about them, by way of exposition of their obvious or probable meaning and origin, by modern writers,—searching well the periodicals, the *Gazettes* and *Zeitungs* and *Journals* in many tongues; and to make or have made or appropriate in some way a gradually perfected general schedule of all he knows and of all he is curious about. And here, as if made to fit this final requirement, comes the book of Herr Friederichs revised by Herr Wolters, nominally a catalogue of the Berlin collection of casts from classic sculpture, but really a nearly complete list and analytic catalogue, with critical and historical notes, of the important pieces of that sculpture which exist above ground. The Berlin collection is much the largest in Europe: that at Dresden coming next; those at Vienna, Cambridge, Munich, London, and (probably) Bonn coming next; and all the rest being of no account: but indeed the Berlin collection is the only one that approaches completeness. A somewhat careful computation made four years ago resulted in the conviction that a knowledge of two thousand chosen specimens of ancient sculpture would be a knowledge of the whole subject, as accessible to us at that time. The Berlin collection reaches 2,271 numbers in this catalogue, but some of these numbers refer to inscriptions, and some cover each a number of separate slabs of a frieze, or the like: it can only be said that very few of the important pieces of ancient sculpture are missing. The worst of this wonderful museum of sculpture is its crowded state. Many is the statue and relief of prime importance from which one cannot get far enough to see it *all together*, as it was meant to be seen; many the one that cannot be seen except from a single point of view; many the one that has become a telescopic object, high on the wall of a huge gallery. But there they all are; and with patience, a couple of opera-glasses of different powers, a lot of photographs, an occasional run to Dresden to see some cast in a better light, and frequent visits to the original Pergamon antiquities in another building, one may feel that he is getting on in his study of classical sculpture.

It has been said above that the student should see reproductions of the originals he knows, as well as of those he has not seen: that is because he will not be able, otherwise, to rightly estimate a piece of sculpture by means of its reproduction. If he has often compared a statue with its cast, and both with the photograph, he will know how much cast and photograph alike give him of the statue he has not seen. Moreover, one is not always in the Museum! And, unfortunately, the American at home is never in the museum where original masterpieces are, never, even, in the room where casts of them are: for how many casts of classic sculpture are there in all the land? The American student then needs photographs; and he

needs this book as the catalogue to his so-made museum in portfolios. He will number each print with the Friederichs-Wolters number; he will add thereto memoranda of his own observations, and notes culled from different writers; he will devise a system of cross-references in the pages under consideration, and will re-index the book (which badly needs better indexing): thus his history of Greek sculpture will gradually take shape: the only true history of the modern school,—the history built up of analysis and comparison of things that exist, with little help from half-understood sayings of men who themselves only half-understood.

Professor D. Cady Eaton adapted into English the former edition of Friederich's *Bausteine*, the groundwork of the present larger book: if somebody will translate this latter into English, adding to the text what it lacks, and providing a thorough index, he will have done the best single thing that can be done for the study of classical art. And so, to consider what this book lacks:—

First and chiefest, it lacks a full and complete account of all restorations, all added parts. It is the strangest, the most unaccountable thing, that this great Berlin collection should be chiefly made up of restored, that is, disguised and altered, works of art. Why are the modern legs of this and the modern head of that brought to Berlin, in plaster, and set up as if authentic? Why?—well, perhaps there is a reason: perhaps it is wrong to say “unaccountable,” perhaps the uncritical directors of museums elsewhere would not be best pleased to see the “ornaments of their galleries” stripped of the limbs that long use and wont have made to seem their own. But assuredly it is time that these borrowed members were cut off again. The true doctrine is that no addition whatever shall be made to a piece of sculpture: set it up as it is: set beside it as many restorations and completions in plaster or in costlier material as there are theories of restoration. The Aphrodite of Melos shall be given with a shield; with an apple in her left hand and holding her drapery with her right; adjusting or removing the baldric of Ares; and in any other position, action, and grouping that may seem reasonably probable: but to the marble nothing shall be added. And in the cast-collection the unfortunate statue which in the marble has been restored out of recognition by the sculptor who modelled it shall be treated as the more fortunate Aphrodite above mentioned: its modern accretions shall be taken away, and it shall be left as time and chance, and destroyers less cruel than restorers, have left it to us. Now, in some museum-catalogues full justice in this respect is done the sculptures, and every scrap and fragment that has been added is separately pointed out: Brunn's catalogue of the Munich Glyptothek is the model in this respect. In other museums every such addition to the original is enumerated in a placard or label attached to the work

of art or to its pedestal. But the plaster-cast collection—more free, more abstract, unconcerned except with the interests of study and the needs of students—can have these unauthorized parts removed. It is of no consequence at all if the traveller fails to recognize his favorite statue when he sees it without arms or with only one leg, as the ancient statue really is: but it is of supreme importance that the student should not be impressed with a supposititious composition. And so it is an omission in this excellent book that the parts added in modern times are not always enumerated. Usually, the principal ones are mentioned; but that is not enough.

Secondly, we miss the dimensions: these are never hinted at; and these, important to a visitor to the gallery, are indispensable to the student at home.

Thirdly, we miss a separate treatment of the important parts of a series. The separate slabs of the Parthenon frieze, numbered by Michaelis, and so figured in his work that they can be distinguished and designated in writing, might have been so distinguished here, without prejudice to the general treatise (pages 267–279) upon the frieze as a single work of art. The importance of this is plain, when we consider the immense extent of the work, three hundred and fifty feet of crowded bas-relief. If there is an accepted and easy method of referring to this and that detail of it—to the youths bearing wine-jars, or the careering horsemen, or the stately seated gods of the East-front—certainly a book like this ought to use it, for the help of all who study it.

Fourthly, a good and legible page-title changing with the contents, or, better still, a system of marginal indexing. The total lack of these is a constant cause of loss of time and of failure to get the whole sense, when people are pressed.

Fifthly, some mention (as in an appendix, or in prefatory notices of the different schools) of important works which, for certain reasons, are not in the collection. Thus, the bronze “Praying Boy” of the Berlin Museum, and the Pergamene frieze are excluded, because the originals are in Berlin: but also the “Idolino” of Florence seems not to be there, nor are the two Satyrs of the Naples Museum. We wish (though clearly we have no right to call its non-existence a fault) that the relation of these statues to other sculptures might be pointed out.

And finally, the index must be exhaustive, giving places where things have been found, places where they are kept, and names of all the different sorts. Time was that all nude male statues were Apollos; Hermes was the favorite at a later period; and the name Antinoüs has been given freely to many a statue which had been finished a few centuries before the day of that puzzling subject of enquiry: it is necessary to refer to each work of art by all these names, however absurd. Full reference to places would, however, make the finding of what one seeks possible, if slow. To

make such an index will take three weeks of somebody's time, but it will double the value of the book.

And now our complaints and demands are recorded, and it remains only to say how good a book it is: how sound and sensible the criticisms, how useful the historical *résumés*, how full the references to books treating of the different sculptures, and to photographs and prints representing them. There is no book in all the library more needed by the student of classic sculpture: and what classic sculpture is, what part it plays, in the world of classic life and thought, it is fortunately no longer necessary to say.

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THE ANCIENT COPTIC CHURCHES OF EGYPT by ALFRED J. BUTLER, M. A., F.S. A., Fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford. In two volumes, 8vo: I, pp. xx-377; II, pp. 409. Oxford, 1884, Clarendon Press.

Though issued in 1884, the importance of the book before us is so capital that an introduction of it to American readers is quite warranted, even at this late day. It is a pioneer book; the first yet written on "a great subject—the Christian antiquities of Egypt." Many were the difficulties to be overcome: a strange language; ignorance and indifference in the natives; an entire absence of monumental or documentary evidence,—these are but a part of the obstacles encountered by Mr. Butler in his voyage of discovery. Early Western Christianity is our natural inheritance, and we know it well. The Greek Church—its art and ecclesiastical antiquities—has been comparatively accessible and a subject of study for many generations. The Christian development in Syria and in Asia Minor has been a later stage in our scientific pilgrimage: only in late years have we become acquainted with the grand but ruined cities of Syria, deserted since the Mohammedan invasion in the seventh century; and with the relics of the earliest Christian settlement in the land where St. Paul first spread the light of the Gospel. The circle was then complete, with one notable exception: Christian Egypt was still a *terra incognita*. To any one familiar with Church history it seems very strange that what was once the most fanatically Christian of all converted lands, the centre of early Christian learning, the originator of monasticism, the home of Clement and Origen, of Cyrill and Athanasius and Arius, should not have been long ago diligently investigated by the historian and the archaeologist.

Asia Minor, Syria and a great part of the ancient domain of the Greek Church have been almost entirely converted to Mohammedanism, but the